An Admonition to YOUTH.

A

Funeral-Sermon

Occasion'd by the

Much Lamented DEATH

OF

Mr. *Philip Cornish*,

OF

BIDDEFORD, in the County of

DEVON;

Who deceas'd *Feb.* 4. 1714.

By WILLIAM BARTLET.

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THE PREFACE.

IT *often happens, that what a Man has leaſt intended* that way, *ſhould be made* Publick: *but it has been as general an Obſervation,* That the plaineſt and ſimpleſt Things that can be ſaid, when they carry viſible Marks of Genuineſs and Integrity with them, have done the moſt Good. *I am ſure that nothing could be farther from my Thoughts than the Publication of this* Plain Sermon; *but it has ſo fallen out, that I could not well gainſay it, without* neglecting, *if not* contemning *a more than ordinary Proſpect of* doing good, (*eſpecially among the Younger People.*) *And as this is the* End *of my* Life *and* Miniſtry, *I am willing to take any fair Occaſion of anſwering it.*

THE Caſe *is in ſhort this: Our Foreign Trade in this Place having drawn a great Number of* Young Perſons *to it, has alſo been a Means of expoſing them to more than ordinary Temptations, by which too many have been fatally enſnared: Now, it pleaſed* GOD, *in the Midſt of their Annual Preparations for an Expedition abroad, to awaken them by the* unexpected Death *of one of the* briskeſt *and* ſprightlieſt *among them, in the Prime of his Years, and* Advancement *in his* Buſineſs *and*

Employment. *The Perſon was ſo well known, and diſtinguiſh'd by ſuch a Regard among them; the Stroke was ſo ſurprizing; the Circumſtances ſo very mournful, that it affected the Generality of 'em, (eſpecially his intimate Friends and Companions) in an extraordinary manner: ſcarce a* Face *but gather'd* Paleneſs. *The* Concern *was legible in their* Countenances; *inſomuch that the* Solemnities *of of his* Funeral, *and the* Sermon *it occaſion'd, made a* more than ordinary Impreſſion, *ſeem'd to raiſe in 'em very great and ſolemn* Reſolutions, *and (as I am inform'd) has begun a* Reformation *among them. Now as ſeveral have deſir'd the* Sermon *for their Uſe abroad, and as the* particular Freedom *wherewith I treated them, met with ſo kind an* Entertainment *from them, I was induc'd to think, it might in* Concurrence with ſuch a Providence *do* them, *at leaſt, more Service than much better Diſcourſes on the Subject.*

CONSIDERING the ſhort Time I had to draw up my Thoughts, I judg'd it convenient to make ſome Enlargements. I deſire to commend the whole, with all Humility, *to the Divine Acceptance and Bleſſing.*

William Bartlet.

ECCLES. XI. 9.

Rejoice, O young Man, in thy Youth, and let thy Heart chear thee in the Days of thy Youth, and walk in the Ways of thine Heart, and in the Sight of thine Eyes: But know thou, that for all these Things GOD *will bring thee into Judgment.*

I AM ſorry I ſhould have ſuch a melancholy Occaſion of addreſſing the Young People of this Town; but the Stroke is ſo affecting, and the Impreſſions ſo viſible in almoſt every Countenance, that a juſter and fairer Opportunity could never have offer'd it ſelf. I crave Leave therefore to do it with all Freedom and Plainneſs. 'Tis no Time to flatter or trifle. It may be the laſt Advice I may be capable of *giving*, or you of *receiving*. Plain and naked Simplicity and Truth, with little Pomp or Ceremony, beſt becomes a Funeral, eſpecially ſuch a Funeral as this, which has peculiar Marks of Awe and Solemnity in it. What Heart does not bleed to look into ſuch a Grave? Who would a few Days ſince have expected ſuch a ſudden Change; or to have ſeen ſo much natu-

ral *Health* and *Strength*, *Vigour* and *Vivacity* within so short a Time *broken*, *decay'd*, *run down* and *laid in the Dust*? O vain Strength of Man!

I Shall not stay to give you the different Interpretations of the Text, which 'twere easy to enumerate, but content my self with the plain and receiv'd Acceptation of the Words: And thus understood, they contain a smart *Irony* of the Wiseman, to unthinking Youth: *Rejoice, O young Man, in thy Youth*; i. e. Take thy Course, indulge to Joy, cast away Care and Sorrow: *Now* is thy Time, make the most of it, lose not this bright Morning of thy Life: Take the Opportunity while *Youth* and *Nature* in all their Charms invite thee; stay not till *Age* and *Sorrows* have chill'd thy Blood, unbent thy Strength, broken Nature's Force, exhausted thy best Spirits, and left thee nothing but the poor languishing Remains of Life. It follows, *And let thy Heart chear thee in the Days of thy Youth*; i. e. Take thy Fill of Mirth, abandon thy self to it. *And walk in the Ways of thine own Heart, and in the Sight of thine Eyes*; i. e. Follow thine own Humour, and be guided by the Inclinations of thine own Will; let no Man controul thee, take thine own Course, and pursue thine own Measures: Consult no other Advisers besides thine own *Heart* and *Eyes*, thine own sensual Appetite and Affections; and whatever thine *Eye* beholds, and thine *Heart* desires, that choose and prosecute. *But know thou, that for all these things* God *will bring thee into Judgment*. Still remember and know, that there is a God, and a dreadful God too, and that He will certainly reckon with thee, and call thee to Account.

The Words being thus briefly explained, I shall reduce my present Discourse on them to these following Heads. I. I

I. I Shall enquire, what those *Vices* are which Young Persons are so fond of, and by the indulging of which they may be said to *walk in their own Ways, and in the Sight of their own Eyes.*

II. Shew, what this *Ironical Concession* of the Wiseman to 'em, to go on in these Courses, may import: *Rejoice, O young Man,* &c.

III. Set the *Issue* of such ruinous Courses before Young Persons, from the Consideration of God's *bringing them to Judgment.*

IV. Conclude with some *Advice* and *Counsel* to them, by way of Application.

I. Let us enquire, what those Vices are which Young Persons are so fond of, that the Practice of them is call'd in the Text, *A walking in the Way of their Heart, and in the Sight of their Eyes.* Let us see, what those *Ways* are, which their *Hearts* choose, and which they are carried forth with such a powerful Inclination and strong Propensity towards.

Here, among these Vices of Youth, I may reckon up the following, as more especially prevailing in *this* Place.

1. Rash and Evil Speaking.
2. Intemperance.
3. Excessive Love of sensual Pleasures.
4. Mispending of precious Time.
5. Forgetfulness of God.
6. Untractableness and Impatience of Advice.

1. *Rash and Evil Speaking.* This is a Sin particularly incident to the *Fire* and *Heat* of *Youth*, who are apt to take an unbounded Liberty in this Respect. They think their Tongues are their own: *Who is Lord over them?* This makes 'em break through all the Restraints, not only Psal. xii. 4.

of

of *Religion*, but even of *Modeſty* and *good Manners* it ſelf. What bold and daring Expreſſions drop from their haſty Lips? What preſumptuous Words and Speeches? What bloody Oaths? What impious Curſes? What ſhocking Imprecations? I am griev'd to hear, that this *extravagant* way of *Talking*, this *Licentiouſneſs* of the *Tongue*, prevails ſo much both at *Home* and *Abroad*, both at *Sea* and on *Shore*. O that ever *dying* Men, that know not but they are uttering their laſt Breath, ſhould yet *ſet their Mouths againſt the Heavens, and let their Tongues walk* at ſuch an ungovern'd rate *through the Earth*. But let ſuch bold and daring Sinners know, that there is a GOD in Heaven, that hears and records all; and however their wicked Tongues, may eſcape Puniſhment in *this World*, they ſhall not eſcape a divine and righteous Judgment *hereafter*.

Pſ. lxxiii. 9.

2. *Intemperance*. This is another of the *Ways of their Heart* and Life too. 'Tis true, there are Degrees of this Impiety: Some let looſe the Reins to all Acts of *Intemperance* and *Extravagances*; there are others, who make this *Vice* no leſs their Trade, though they drink not to *viſible Exceſs* and the Loſs of Reaſon. The Iniquity is great in *both*, and the Prejudice apparent in many Reſpects, both to Body and Soul. And now I am on this Head, I muſt uſe Freedom: How *common* and how *ſcandalous* is this Practice of *hard Drinking* grown among us of late in this Town? What a Shame that there can be no *good Fellowſhip* among Friends and Neighbours, unleſs the Glaſs go round inceſſantly, and the Entertainment end in a *Debauch*? Alas! what is this wretched World come to, that Men can no longer *enjoy* one another, without *undoing* one another? I don't

condemn

condemn *All*, but let the *Guilty* take it home, and learn more Sobriety and Wiſdom. *Wo unto thoſe* (ſays the Prophet) *that riſe early in the Morning, that they may follow ſtrong Drink; that continue until Night, till Wine inflame them.* This is the very Deſcription of the *Life* and *Practice* of too many among us. How many are there thus daily abandoning themſelves to theſe beaſtly Exceſſes, giving a Looſe to their wild and ungovern'd Appetites and Inclinations, throwing off all the Reſtraints of Reaſon and Conſcience, working out their own Ruin, and labouring hard to dig their own Graves? *Miſerable Men*, if their Lives had no farther a Proſpect than that of this *preſent World*; but how much more ſo, as they are committing all theſe *Exceſſes* in the Views of the *Grave*, *Eternity* and *Judgment to come!* I beſeech you to lay this to Heart, and break off ſuch extravagant Courſes, before it be top late. That *Spark* in the Throat which Men are all the Day long ſeeking to quench with repeated Cups, will (as One ſays) without Repentance burn to the loweſt Hell. Iſa. v. 11.

3. *Exceſſive Love of Pleaſures* is another of the *Ways of their Hearts*, which *Young Perſons* are ſtrangely fond of. 'Tis the juſt Character of too many of them, *that they are Lovers of Pleaſures more than Lovers of* God. I am not ſpeaking againſt the moderate Uſe of lawful Pleaſures. Religion is no Enemy to the innocent Delights of Life, as I have had frequent Occaſion to ſhew you. Therefore, I would be here underſtood, only, with relation to thoſe *Exceſſes* in this kind, which Young Perſons are manifeſtly inclin'd to; as, when they indulge *Mirth* till they forget *Wiſdom*; when carnal Gratifications are their *whole Concern*; when they *abandon* themſelves to Senſuality, and think 1 Tim. iii. 4.

of nothing but *chearing themſelves in the Days of their Youth.* 'Tis this *Exceſs*, that renders theſe Pleaſures *criminal*; and 'tis notorious, that this is the *preſent Caſe*. *Young Perſons* ſet their *Hearts* on theſe Things; they give up the Reins to Senſe, and bid their unſatisfied Souls take their *Fill* of Mirth. They value Life upon this only Account. They no longer live than while they *enjoy* and *indulge*. In a word, they make their *Pleaſures* their God, and offer all their Sacrifices to this *Idol*. But, alas! What will ſuch a wretched *voluptuous* Life end in but *Shame* and *Horror*, when God ſhall require your *Souls?*

4. Another prevailing *Vice* of *Youth*, is, *Miſpending of precious Time*. *Time* appears to 'em a Matter of no preſent Importance, or future Conſequence, though *Eternity* hangs in ſuſpence on every doubtful Moment. *Strange Infatuation!* How much have moſt *Young Perſons* to anſwer for on this Score? What Account can they give of ſo many Months and Years of Vanity, who never yet began the Reckoning? Verily, *this Sin* will have ſhortly another Aſpect, when Times approaching Night is come. O what pale Reviews, what killing Remorſe will it one Day occaſion? As little Compunction as we now feel in *Health* and *Proſperity* for it, it gives the Soul one of the bitterſt *Reflections* it has at its going off the Stage of Life. What a Matter of Importance does it then appear to us, to have *loſt* an *whole Life*, and to have *dreamt* away the *invaluable Seaſon* of making our ſelves for ever ſafe and happy? How does the Soul ſweat and bluſh under the conſcious Guilt? Who knows the Weight of that *Shame*, that oppreſſes it upon this Account? O that *Young Perſons* were ſenſible of this! Let me beg your

to be wiſe in Time, to number your Days better, and to prevent all this *Diſtreſs* and *Confuſion* of Soul at laſt. Let the Sun roll no longer *unregarded* over your Heads, and give her Light in vain. Think, how ſoon it will have finiſh'd its laſt Revolution, and meaſure Time no longer. O think of it in *ſeaſon*, and ſuffer not your Lives to *conſume* and *rot* away in inglorious *Sloth* and *Eaſe*, and leave not the great and important Work of Time and Life to your laſt expiring Moments: Which puts me in mind of the next Head.

5. Another prevailing Sin of *Youth*, is, *Forgetfulneſs of* God. God *is not in all their Thoughts.* Though *Young Perſons* be under a particular Obligation *to remember their Creator in the Days of their Youth*, yet 'tis obſervable, there is no Stage of Life in which they are ſo prone to the contrary. Though they ſo *lately* came out of their Maker's Hands, yet, how ſoon does the *ungrateful Stream* wander in crooked Windings and Turnings, till it *forget* the *Fountain* from whence it ſo lately flow'd and deriv'd its Original. There are none that live at a greater Diſtance from God. They ſay to God, *Depart from us, we deſire not the Knowledge of thy Ways. Young People* live for the moſt part utter Strangers to all ſerious Reflections either on *Time* or *Eternity*, void of Care or Concern for either World. As for *Religion*, they look upon it as too *grave* and *formal* a Profeſſion for them, and leave theſe Thoughts and Enquiries to *elder* Perſons, who have outliv'd the Gaities and Pleaſures of Life.

6. There is another prevailing Sin of Youth, and which they are very tenacious of, and that is *Obſtinacy in following their own Counſels, and Impatience of Advice.* They affect, as the

Text intimates, to *walk in their own Ways and in the Sight of their own Eyes.* They think they can ſee as far as others, and therefore, deſire not the help of other Peoples Eyes for their Guidance and Direction. Who ſhall be their Counſellors? There is a natural *Haughtineſs* in *Young Perſons*, which makes them impatient of all *Admonition*; they account it a *Reflection* on their own *Wiſdom* and *Conduct*, which they are not willing to have called in queſtion: Whereas, in reality, there is no ſurer Sign of a truly great Spirit than a *Readineſs to yield to Advice*: Tis therefore the moſt unſpeakable Folly, for any to ſuffer their *Preſumption* to undo 'em, and rather than be directed by thoſe, who have better Opportunities and Advantages of ſeeing farther than themſelves, run deſparately on their own Ruin: However *wiſe* ſuch Perſons are in their own Eyes, yet, they can never eſcape the Imputation, of periſhing for being *Fools* as well as *Sinners*. Well, a Death-bed will ſoon make us all *wiſe* and *humble*, *tractable* and *patient of Advice and Counſel*, if it be not then *too late!*

And thus I have mention'd ſome of thoſe Vices, which Young Perſons are addicted to, and which are the *Ways of their Heart*. I am ſenſible, I might alſo name ſeveral others, ſuch as *Pride*, *Paſſion*, *Scoffing at Serious Godlineſs*, and finally *Uncleanneſs*; a *Vice*, that has been the Ruin of many; a Rock, on which many *Young* Perſons have ſplit, at their firſt ſetting out into the World. I would hope better things of moſt of *You*, but as your Temptations to it are great, on many Accounts, both at Home and abroad in foreign Countries, I would leave the *Guilty* to bitter Reflections and deep and ſincere Humiliations, and charitably warn

all others to avoid *it*, as the moſt *certain* and *infallible Ruin* of Soul, Body and Reputation for ever. Having thus finiſh'd the firſt Thing propos'd to be ſpoken to,

II. I PROCEED in the Second Place to ſhew, what this Conceſſion of the Wiſeman to them, to go on in theſe wicked Courſes, may import; *Rejoice, O Young Man, in thy Youth, and let thy Heart chear thee in the Days of thy Youth, and walk in the Ways of thine Heart, and in the Sight of thine Eyes.*

HERE very briefly: This *Conceſſion* may import theſe three Things.

1. How *violently* Young Perſons are bent on their wicked Courſes, and how unreclaimable from them.

2. A *judicial Hardneſs* very often inflicted by GOD on them as a Puniſhment of their Obſtinacy.

3. THEIR *certain* and *inevitable Ruin* if they dare proceed.

1. THIS Conceſſion imports how *violently* Young Perſons are bent on their *wicked Courſes*, and how *unreclaimable* from them. We bid Perſons *do* what we know they *will do*: So here the Wiſeman bids 'em *go on*, becauſe he knows they are *determin'd* to do ſo, in Deſpite of all *Advice* and *Counſel* to the contrary. Thus when *Micaiah* ſaw that King *Ahab* was unalterably bent on going to *Ramoth Gilead*, and determin'd to follow his own *Will*, though he pretended to ask Counſel of GOD, he bid him *go*; for he knew very well he *would go*, and that all Arguments to the contrary would be loſt upon him. The Caſe is the very ſame with too many Young Perſons: They are *unalterably fixed* in their wicked Principles and Practices,

1 Kings xxii. 15.

ces; *unreclaimable* by the best Methods, and *inflexible* to all Counsel and Advice; nay, tho' like King *Ahab* they seem to ask Counsel, and come to hear Sermons, and sit under Instruction, yet, like *him* they are determin'd beforehand to follow their Hearts Lusts, let God and Conscience and the Prophets say what they will. 'Tis a melancholy Sight, to observe with what *Precipitation* the *Fury* and *Rage* of these Mens Lusts and Passions are hurrying them on to Ruin, bearing down all Considerations before them, and leaving no Room for *Counsel* and *Advice*. O *Madness* and *Distraction!* O *patient* God! O *provoking* Man!

2. This Concession may further import a *judicial Hardness* very *often* and very *righteously* inflicted by God on 'em as a just Punishment of their *Obstinacy*: *His Spirit will not always strive with Man*; therefore he bids such in the Text, *Walk on in the Ways of their Heart, and in the Sight of their Eyes.* As if he should say, Since you despise all Counsel, *go on* in those crooked Ways you have chosen, and *wander for ever* from the Path of Life, and never find it. If Men will obstinately persist in their own Ways, against the Voice of God, and Reason, and Conscience, God will not hinder them. *Israel wou'd none of me, so I gave them up. He that is filthy, let him be filthy still.* How soon may this be the deplorable Case of all *presumptuous Sinners!* Let 'em hear, and fear, and tremble, and do no more wickedly, least the *Sentence* pass, least *Mercy* abandon them into the Hands of *Justice*, least the divine Spirit withdraw, least the Light depart from their Feet, and they be left to *walk* and wander *in Darkness* for ever.

Gen. vi. 3.

Isa. lxxxi. 11, 12. Rev. xxii. 11.

3. This Concession being a *severe Sarcasm*, and a *bitter Taunt*, imports, *their more certain*

and

and dreadful Ruin and Deſtruction, if they do proceed. 'Tis juſt as when we bid them *do* a Thing, but *at their Peril.* Thus in the forementioned Inſtance: *Go,* ſays *Micaiah* to *Ahab,* but *go* to thy own Deſtruction; for *I ſaw all* Iſrael *ſcattered upon the Hills, as Sheep that had no Shepherd,* no King alive to head them; *i. e.* Plainly, I ſee *Iſrael* beaten and diſcomfited, and *Ahab* a *dead* Man if he *go.* Thus ſays *Solomon* here, *Rejoice, O young Man, let thy Heart chear thee, walk in the Ways of thy Heart,* but at thy Peril be it; *go,* but to thy everlaſting Deſtruction; *walk on,* but I ſee Almighty and Eternal Vengeance kindling againſt thee, and an angry and incenſed God coming forth to meet thee. Which brings me to the 1 Kings xxii. 17.

III. And Laſt thing to be ſpoken to, *viz. The dreadful Iſſue of thoſe ruinous Courſes.* This I promis'd to ſet before you from the latter Part of the Words, *Know, that for all theſe things* God *will bring thee into Judgment.* Young Perſons may take their Courſe, and follow their Humour, be gay and vain, and forget God, but let 'em know there is a *Day* coming, which will *pale their Faces,* and *diſmay* their *Hearts. Theſe things thou haſt done, and I kept Silence, and thou thoughteſt that I was altogether ſuch an one as thy ſelf.* We are apt to imagine, that becauſe *Vengeance* is not ſpeedily executed, becauſe an *injur'd* God keeps Silence, and lets daring Sinners alone to work Wickedneſs with Greedineſs, becauſe his Thunders don't preſently roar, nor his Lightnings blaſt the *guilty Wretch's* Soul, in the *very Moment* of his Wickedneſs, we are apt, I ſay, on thoſe Accounts, to conclude, that God *is ſuch an one as our ſelves,* either *pleas'd* with, or *regardleſs* of our wicked Lives and Conſers. *But,* it follows, *I will reprove thee, and* Pſal. l. 21.

ſet

ſet them in order before thine Eyes; there is a Time coming when an *injur'd* God will break Silence, and convince *bold* and *preſumptuous Sinners*, that he has been all this Time an *incens'd Witneſs* of your *Crimes*, though he has conceal'd his Reſentments: And dreadful will that *Time* be, when God himſelf ſhall *reprove* thoſe who wou'd take no other *Reproof*, and *ſet their Sins in order before their Eyes*. *Conſider this* (as it follows in the ſame Context,) *ye that forget* God, *leſt he tear you in Pieces when there ſhall be none to deliver*. Let young Perſons know then, that God will ſooner or later thus dreadfully reckon with them.

Ver. 22.

Here I might mention two particular Seaſons when God may do this.

1. On your Death-beds.
2. At the Day of Judgment.

1. He will very likely begin this *Reckoning* with you on your *Death-beds*, as he hath done with others, to your Amazement. And O what *Heart* can endure, what Hands can be ſtrong in that Hour of Darkneſs, when God *ſhall write bitter things againſt you, and make you to poſſeſs the Iniquities of your Youth*, and ſet them in dreadful Order before you? O the *Confuſion* of many on this Account in their laſt Moments! The *Agony* and *Diſtreſs* of Soul they have been under, which has been viſible in their deſpairing Looks, reſtleſs Toſſings, and peircing Lamentations! How has every *Breath* been a *Groan*, (as One expreſſes it) and every *Groan big* with a very *great Sorrow!* O think my Soul, and reflect one Moment on it, what a *dreadful Condition* it muſt be, thus expiring upon a Death-bed, oppreſs'd with *Guilt* and *Shame*, *unable* to live, and yet *afraid* to die! In what Amazement does the trembling *Soul* ſit hovering upon the pale Lip, ready to take its Flight, and appear before its *Judge*?

Job xiii. 26.

How

How painful its Reviews? How awful its Prospects? How perplex'd its Thoughts? How dreadful its Apprehensions? How bitter its Remorses? Believe me, All the *Pleasures* and *Joys* of a sinful Life, are dearly purchased by an Hour of such *Anguish of Spirit*. Tell me then, *what Fruit* has the departing Soul of *these things, of which it is now ashamed*, and in the Remembrance of which it is now confounded? How does this *gloomy Evening* overcast all their *bright Days* that are gone? After all the *pleasant Scenes* of *Joy* and Mirth that are forever past, in what disconsolate *Darkness* does all now *wind up* at last? But

5. If God don't reckon with you on a *Death-bed*, he will certainly do it *hereafter at the Day of Judgment*. This last Reckoning you cannot escape. I hope I am speaking to such as have made this one of the *Articles* of their *Creed*, that I have no Occasion to insist on the *Proof* of this *Judgment to come*, and that 'tis only the *serious Consideration* of it I have to press.

'Tis plain we are *accountable* Creatures, that there is a *Morality* in human Actions, which we are capable of distinguishing by the Light of Nature: That there is not an *equal Distribution* of *Rewards* and *Punishments*, in this World, by which Means the Righteous are oppress'd, and the Workers of Iniquity prosper; and that we carry about with us the *undeniable Presages* of such a *Judgment* to come in our own Breasts. These things are *plain* and *manifest*, and need not to be enlarg'd upon at present. *There is a Day when* God *will judge the World in Righteousness by the Man whom he hath ordain'd, whereof he has given Assurance unto all Men, in that he hath raised him from the Dead.* Acts xvii. 31.

BEFORE that *Righteous Bar* thou must stand, to give an Account of all things done in this Body, of all thy *youthful Sins and Vanities*, of all thy *mad Riots* and *Excesses*. *In that Day* every wicked Word thou hast spoken, every rash Expression that has dropt from thy Lips, every Oath, every Curse, every Debauch, every forbidden Pleasure, every mispent Day and Hour, every lost Sermon, every Act of Pride and Self-Willfulness, every Contempt of good Advice, *&c.* shall be *brought into Judgment*. You may yet contemn GOD, *break his Bonds asunder, and cast his Cords from you*, give up the Reins to your Lusts and Appetites, indulge to Sin and Vanity; but remember, you are all this time
Rom. ii. 5. *treasuring up Wrath against* this *Day of Wrath, and the Revelation of the righteous Judgment of* GOD. You may forget, neglect, disregard, and make light of this Matter as you please now, but you will find, there is no enduring, no overcoming, no contending with *Incensed Justice*:
Heb. x. 31. *It is a fearful thing to fall into the Hands of the living* GOD. You will find him an unequal
Prov. xvi. 14. Match: *If the Wrath of a King be as the Messengers of Death*, what is the *Wrath of a Provoked* GOD? Better have the Resentment of all the *Angels* in Heaven, and Men on Earth, than of
Psal. xc. 11. this GOD. *Who knows the Power of* His *Anger?* Devouring *Fire*, *Tempests* and *Whirlwinds* are but faint Resemblances hereof: *The Earth trembles, and the Nations cannot abide his Indignation*; the *Mountains depart*, and *the everlasting Hills bow*, the *Deep utters his Voice*, and *the Foundations of the World quake at* his Presence. Even the *mighty Men* and *chief Captains* lose their Hearts, when they come to engage Almighty Vengeance, and flee to *Rocks* and *Mountains* to hide them.

O Make a solemn Pause then, in the midst of your *Riots* and *Debauches*! Suspend your *Mirth* and *Jollity*, and be *serious* but for a Moment, and think how you shall be able to stand in that Day. O think, my Soul, what a *Day* that will be, when all the Arrears of Justice shall be demanded, when the Great God shall cloath himself with *Terror*, put on all his *Dread*, and come forth in *awful Pomp* to take *Vengeance* of a wicked World. It was a *dreadful Day* when God came down upon Mount *Sinai*, when the Mountain was cloathed with thick Darkness, and burned with Fire, and God spake from thence in *Thunder* and *Lightning* to the trembling Camp of *Israel*: But if God came down in *Smoke* and *Fire* to *deliver* the Law, in what *consuming Flames* will he be reveal'd from Heaven, when he comes to *revenge* it? If the *Promulgation* of the Law was attended with all this awful Pomp, what will the *final Execution of its Sentence* on the *Transgressors* of it be? If Mount *Sinai* shook, and all the People trembled at the Almighty's Presence *then*, who will be able to abide the last and great Day of his Wrath, when the whole Frame of Nature shall be dissolved, *when the Stars shall fall from Heaven*, and quitting their *Orbs* shall wander up and down in wild Confusion, when the *Sun shall be darkned*, and the *Moon turn'd into Blood*, when the *Heavens shall depart as a Scroll when it is rolled together*, and *every Mountain and Island shall be moved out of their Places*.

The World has seen a great many *dark* and *gloomy Days* already, at the time of the *General Deluge*, at the Overthrow of *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, at the Destruction of *Jerusalem*, &c. But alas! these were but as *Prologues* to the bloody *Tragedy* that is now to be acted. All the Plagues

and Wars, and Famine and Fire, and Blood and Rapine, that have ever laid waste this miserable World; all the Cries and Lamentations of Widows and Fatherless; all the Groans and Complaints of distressed Mortals heretofore; all these were but the *Beginning of Sorrows*. Now at last, *Wrath is coming upon the World to the uttermost*. All the *Clouds* that have been gathering from the Beginning of Time, are now preparing to *break at once* upon this *miserable Earth*. Angry *Justice* has been collecting her Strength ever since the *forbidden Fruit* was touch'd, and now the dreadful *Blow* is to be given. The *Floods of Wrath* have been hitherto kept back, and the angry Billows restrain'd; but now at last the Flood-gates are to be set open, and the *dreadful Deluge* let forth to cover the Tops of the highest Hills.

And now is it possible that Men can eat and drink, and revel, and bid their Souls take their Ease, and forget this *awful Day*? One wou'd think the *certain* Expectation of such a Time, shou'd make every Man smite on his Breast, and wake the Soul to a just Thoughtfulness and Concern, and to seasonable and vigorous Preparations. O how much were it the Wisdom of *young Persons*, in the midst of all their *pleasant Days*, to think sometimes of *this Day*, and to know and consider, that as *bright* as their Sun now shines, as *clear* as their Sky now appears, it will be shortly *overcast* by the Darkness of this *approaching Day*. O think, when you shall have slept and wak'd a few Nights and Days more, all these things shall come upon you; you shall see an *End* of all the *Joys*, *Pleasures* and *Delights* of the Sons of Men; an *End* of all the *Glories* of Time; an *End* of all Perfection here; a *dark, gloomy melancholy* End

of all these things: And what will it then avail you to have passed so many pleasant Days, in Mirth, Jollity, and carnal Gratifications and Indulgences, when all these Joys, Pleasures and Delights, are eclips'd by the *Darkness*, and swallow'd up in the *Horrors* and *Miseries* of *this Day*?

Let me beseech you then, to lay these things to Heart very seriously. Think how you will be able to lift up your guilty Heads amidst the Thunders and Confusions of this Day, or how to abide the fiery Indignation.

I am sure, if this Argument of a *Judgment to come*, were but truly *understood* and *consider'd* by *young Persons* and others, nothing could be of equal Weight with it, to controul and restrain their extravagant *Passions*, and to give a Check to the *Rage* and *Fury* of their Lusts. If Men did but rightly consider, how *sure*, how *near*, how *particular*, how *impartial*, and how *irreversible* this Judgment is, the Hearts of impenitent Sinners must needs fail 'em, and their Knees smite against each other. Even the Heart of a *Roman Governour* trembled, while St. *Paul*, a Prisoner at his Bar, reasoned of *Temperance*, *Righteousness*, and *Judgment to come*. Acts xxiv. 25.

One wou'd think that this shou'd above all Considerations teach Men the *Art of Living*, *make 'em set* God *always before* 'em, engage them to do nothing in *this World*, but what they wou'd be willing to hear of in *another* Place, where *the Secrets of all Hearts* shall be laid open, and that which is *done in Corners* shall *be publish'd on the House-tops*; that this should *animate* us to such great and worthy Deeds of *Piety* and *Charity*, as we may expect to hear of with Honour and Comfort *that Day*: And above all, that this should *immediately* put us upon providing

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our ſelves a *Place of Refuge* againſt *this Day*, when it will be in vain to flee to Mountains to hide us, and to Rocks to cover us, when no Rock but one ſhall be able to ſhelter us from the windy Storm and Tempeſt, and that Rock is CHRIST.

AND thus I have briefly, and as the Compaſs of this Diſcourſe wou'd permit, endeavoured to ſet the dreadful Iſſues of theſe ruinous Courſes before you in this *Judgment to come*.

I HAVE now gone through the Three Things I propoſed to ſpeak to.

I. You have ſeen what thoſe Sins and Vices are, which young Perſons are ſo fond of, *viz. The Ways of their Hearts*.

II. I HAVE ſhewn the *Import* of the Wiſe Man's Ironical *Conceſſion* in the Text.

III. I HAVE now ſet the *Iſſue* of thoſe Courſes before you, in reſpect of the *Judgment to come*.

WHAT remains now, is to improve the whole by a proper

APPLICATION.

THIS Doctrine then may ſerve to teach us the *different Ends* both of *Madneſs* and *Wiſdom*, in regard either of a *ſinful* or *virtuous* Life.

HERE on *one Hand*, *young* People may ſee, where their preſent Courſe of Sin and Vanity is tending, and what the *End* will be. *Stollen Waters are ſweet, and Bread eaten in ſecret is pleaſant.* But alas! in what Gall and Wormwood do theſe forbidden Joys *end* at laſt; and what is it that every wiſe Man regards, but the *End*. 'Tis the winding up of of the Scene that has in other Caſes moſt Weight with us. We commonly judge of things by their *Iſſue* and *Event*. How ſtrange is it then, that we ſhould

Prov. ix. 17.

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make this our Rule of judging in every other Caſe except *this*, and that every other End ſhou'd have Weight with us, except the *End* of *Life*, which is the *End* of all? Let us grow wiſer for the future, and eſtimate the Joys and Pleaſures of Sin by this ſame Rule.

On the *other Hand*, We ſee here the *End* of *Wiſdom*, as well as *Madneſs*; for if the *End* of the one be *Bitterneſs*, *Confuſion* and *Ruin*, the *End* of the other muſt be *Peace* and *Salvation*. Let us but eſtimate a *ſober*, *virtuous* and *godly* Life, by the ſame Rule, *viz.* its *End*, and we ſhall ſoon perceive its infinite Advantage above the *other*. However the World is prejudiced againſt *Wiſdom's Ways*, they will be found *Ways of Pleaſantneſs*, *and Paths of Peace*, ſuch as begin and continue, and conclude in *Peace*. However diſagreeable to Fleſh and Blood, and corrupt Nature, thoſe ſtrict and difficult Paths ſeem, yet the *Pleaſures* outweigh the *Pains*, and the *calm* and *happy End* makes amends for all. O the Pleaſures of a good Conſcience living and dying! O the Joys and Comforts of undiſguiſed, and undiſſembled Piety! How ſhou'd this, methinks, make us all fall heartily in Love with *Wiſdom's Ways*, and hate theſe *crooked* and *treacherous Paths*, that do but deceive and delude us into *Eternal Miſery*. O my Soul enter the *one*; hate and avoid the *other*. Whatever *Others* do; whatever Paths *Others* chuſe, let *me* henceforward tread in thoſe ſacred and ſevere Paths that conclude in this bleſſed *Peace*; and let me flee and ſhun the contrary Road, how inviting ſoever to Fleſh and Blood. O bleſſed, wiſe and rational Courſe of Life, that will give me *Comfort* in Death, and *Confidence* in Judgment, and make me lift up my Head with Joy at laſt; O ye flattering Sweets of Sin, begone, I have Prov. iii. 17.

done

done with you; I have charg'd my Soul to quit those destructive Paths. I am now resolving to begin a Course of Life that will yield me more *Peace*, and give me more *Comfort* living and dying. I begin now to be perswaded, that this is my *best* and *wisest* Course. This methinks should be our Language, and that it may be;

I Proceed to what I principally aim at, *viz.* To *exhort* and *beseech* all young Persons without any farther Delay, to come to this *wise* and *happy Resolution*. I *come* to *recall* you from these *ruinous* and *destructive Ways*, and to *invite* you into these *Paths* of *Peace*.

I Have now a seasonable Opportunity to speak from *such* a Grave. While your *Eyes* are open in Tears of Sorrow for your dead Friend, I hope to find a Passage thence to your *Hearts*. You must be *hardened* to a very great Degree not to be *melted* on *such* an Occasion. If the Opening of such a Grave does not affect you, you may very justly apprehend, the Opening of your *own* Grave not to be far off. Such an *Insensibility* is very like to expose you to a sudden Stroke of *Almighty Vengeance*. I beg you therefore by the *Solemnities* of this Evening, to give me a fair and candid Hearing. If you were never truly serious or thoughtful, let this *melancholy Night* make you so.

O why in such *Haste* to be undone? What's the Meaning of all this *Violence* and *Precipitation* in your wicked Courses? Does Almighty Vengeance *sleep*, that you seek to *rouze* and *awaken* it? Do Hell and Eternity move with too slow a Pace, that you take such wide Steps towards them? Do you know what you are a doing? How can you be so barbarous and cruel to your selves? Have the Children of Men no Knowledge? Have you consider'd these sad

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and deplorable Extremities, which I have shewn you, are the certain Issue of a vain and a sensual Life? O think for God's sake, where these *flattering Paths* are carrying you? Stop, and take a little Counsel with you. I see the *Way* you chuse to live and walk in: 'Tis *smooth*, but *deceitful*; 'tis *broad* but *slippery*; 'tis *easie*, but *unsafe*; 'tis *down Hill*, but *dangerous*: Every Advance you make in it, hazards Soul, Body, and Eternity, and is a Step nearer Death and Hell. O think a little, where this fair Wind and these full Sails are driving you, and where these calm but treacherous Streams are hurrying you.

Hearken and be *wise*, *and know the things that belong to your Peace*. Why will you give Ear to a deluding Devil, and a deceiving World, rather than to your best Friends and Advisers? Do you take us for your *Enemies*? Do you think we envy your Happiness? What do we gain by debarring you from your forbidden Joys and destructive Paths? You shou'd walk on for us, if we did not think and know you were dishonouring God, and undoing your selves without Remedy. We see the Devil by a *false Light* leading you to a dreadful Precipice; be not angry with us therefore, that we hold out a *charitable Light* to let you see the undiscover'd Snare, and perceive your Danger; and to guide your Feet into a safe Path. 'Tis true, we have in all this a *Design* upon you, but 'tis only to make you *wise* and *happy* for ever, both in Life and Death. God is our Witness, that is all the Design we have upon you, or the Gain we seek to make of you, or the Injury we are doing you; *Forgive us this Wrong*. We are troubled indeed, to see others *make a Gain* of you, to see the *Devil* and his *Agents*, I mean *your wicked Companions*, leading you such easy

Captives, and if we cou'd, we wo'ud undeceive you, and prevent *their Deſigns* upon you.

SUFFER this *Exhortation* then. Come, *my Friends*, 'tis not *yet* too *late* to be wiſe and happy. You may *yet live forever*. If you will yet return, here is your *Way*, by *Faith* and *Holineſs*, to endleſs *Glory* and *Happineſs*. Look, *yonder* is your Port, and *here* is your ſtrait Courſe. Behold the *Path* you muſt take, and ſee here this Day a kind *compaſſionate Saviour* come forth to meet you. He offers to be your *Guide* to yonder Heaven; to lead you up the *bright* and *ſhining Road* to yonder celeſtial City; to introduce you, and place you on everlaſting Thrones, and to ſet the immarceſſible Crown on your Heads. O if you had but Hearts to follow! Well, what ſay you then, (for I muſt have your Anſwer) will you yet continue in theſe *crooked* and *deſtructive* Paths, or will you go back with me into another Road, a *ſafer*, a *ſurer* and *better Way*?

'TIS now the *turning* Point of your Life and Time. *Young Perſons* are *chuſing* for both Worlds. 'Tis of the laſt Importance which Way you now take, what Portion you now chuſe. Very likely you *make* or *mar* your ſelves for ever by your *preſent Choice*. *Life* and *Death* are now before you.

MAKE the *wiſe* and *happy Determination* to Day for GOD and a *better World*.

PAUSE immediately, and proceed no farther in the dangerous Road. Venture not your All on the wretched Uncertainties of a late Return. 'Tis not one *Prodigal* of a Thouſand that has wandred *long* and *far* from his Father's Houſe, that ever finds the *Path of Life*, or the Way back thither; for the moſt Part their Steps take *hold on Hell*, and *they ſtumble* for ever on *the dark Mountains*.

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THEREFORE, return to Day: Go not a Step farther. Walk no longer in *the Way of your Hearts*, and *in the Sight of your Eyes*. Turn back before *Judgment* overtake you. *Let the Time* 1 Pet. iv. 3. *ſuffice* that you *have wrought the Will of the Gentiles, when* you *walked in Laſciviouſneſs, Luſts, Exceſs of Wine, Revellings, Banquettings. Run no longer* with a mad World *into this Exceſs of* v. 4. *Riot*. Say, enough, my Soul, of theſe *Stollen Waters*, & *forbidden Pleaſures*; enough of *Sin* and *Vanity*; enough of *Madneſs* and *Diſtraction*; 'Tis time to grow wiſer. You can never quit theſe deſtructive Courſes too ſoon, nor too ſoon enter the Ways of Peace.

To ſatisfy you abundantly of this, give me Leave to ſet before you, the *Advantages* of *Youthful Piety*, and of an *early Return to God* from the Ways of Sin: And would to GOD you wou'd conſider theſe things, and give them their juſt Weight.

You have theſe following unqueſtionable *Advantages* of ſuch an *early* Return, *viz.*

More Time.
More Experience,
More Innocence,
More Comfort,
More Credit,
More Uſefulneſs.

More Time. How great a Part of this ſhort Life is ſecur'd and improv'd by an early Return? This is the Way to prevent many *Months* and *Years* of *Vanity*. If this were but better conſidered, how much ſhou'd we prefer an *early Obedience* to a *late Repentance*? Alas! what wretched *Loſers of Time* are *late Penitents*? We juſtly reckon all the Time of their Riots and Exceſſes, all the Time of their forgeting GOD, all

the Time of their wandring from the Paths of Life, *Loſt Time*. How many precious Opportunities and invaluable Seaſons, how many Sabbaths, and Sacraments, and Sweet Hours of Communion with God, have ſuch for ever forfeited and loſt? Let this engage you to quit the Service of Sin *betimes*. Loſe not theſe happy Seaſons which are worth a World.

Again, *More Experience*. This is another *Advantage* of *early Piety*. Hereby a Man gets a great deal of very uſeful *Knowledge* of God, Himſelf, Sin, and the World. *Experience* is only learnt by long Study and Practice. He that will be an able Lawyer, Phyſitian or Divine, muſt ſtudy hard and practiſe long; ſo he that would be an *intelligent, experienc'd* Chriſtian, of more than ordinary Knowledge, Wiſdom, and Holineſs, need begin a Life of Religion betimes. Know then, that *Youth* is the *beſt*, if not the *only Seaſon* of the Laying the Foundation of future *Greatneſs, Goodneſs, Wiſdom, Knowledge*, and *Shining Improvements*.

Again, *More Innocence*. This is another *Advantage* of quitting thoſe deſtructive Paths of Sin *betimes*, and of engaging *early* in a Life of Religion. The *ſooner* you obey, the *leſs* Guilt you contract; and what the Advantage of this is, thoſe beſt know, who have *been made to poſſeſs the Sins of their Youth*, and to feel the *Horror* and *Amazement* of 'em, not only in their *Bones* and *Bodies*, but a Thouſand Times greater Anguiſh of their *Souls*. O the Shame and Sorrow, and almoſt Diſtraction of ſome on this Account in their *riper* Years! And is it a ſmall Matter, think you, to be (in a great Meaſure at leaſt) exempted from this killing and almoſt deſpairing Anguiſh? Beſides, if there were no other Regards, one would think the Charms of *Innocence*

tenance it self, should be more engaging than all the Baits of *Sensuality* and *Filthiness*; and, that the Attractives of *Purity* and *Chastity*, of *Sobriety* and *Temperance*, should be greater than those of *Uncleanness* and *Debauchery*, *Extravagance* and *Excess*.

Again, *More Comfort and Peace.* This is a plain Consequence of the former; for where there is most *Innocence*, there must of Necessity be most *Serenity* and *Satisfaction*. O the Pleasures, the ravishing and unspeakable Delights, that are the Result of an *early* Piety and Obedience! Its *Joys* are unutterable. No Tongue can tell what Contentment and Solace is to be found in the most unwearied Searches and Enquiries, in the most ardent Prayers, Pains and Preparations for a better World: You will never find so much true *Pleasure* and *Delight* in *Dressing*, *Drinking*, and *Gaming*, as in serving God, and doing the Work of Angels. If there is any such Thing as *true Comfort* and *Peace* in this World, 'tis certainly to be found among these *early Seekers of thy Face*, O God *of* Jacob. How sweet are their Reviews? How easy their Reflections? How continual their Feast? What Congratulations between the Soul and the Conscience? How light their Afflictions? How composed their Sorrows? And how bright their darkest Day, in Comparison of that of the *Wicked*? You that are Young, *seek* this *Peace*, *and pursue it*, and bid your Souls enter into the *Secrets* of this Joy.

Again, *More Credit* as well as *Peace*. This is another *Advantage* of *early Piety*. Some indeed think, that *Religion* does not look so *gracefully* in Youth; but certainly nothing *becomes* it better. 'Tis true (as an excellent Person observes) "If by Religion we mean a sour

"Face

" Face, or an affected Moroſeneſs, or a ſullen " Melancholy, this indeed becomes no Age; " but if by Religion we underſtand Devotion " towards God, Reverence towards our Pa- " rents, Temperance and Chaſtity towards " our ſelves, nothing will appear more great " and lovely in Youth than this. And when all is done, there is nothing gives *Young Perſons a better Reputation* among the *wiſe*, *ſober*, and *thinking* Part of Mankind than *early Piety*. After all the Reproach that *Madmen* and *Fools* throw upon *Religion*, there is notwithſtanding *more Credit* in ſerving God than the *Devil*. As *bad* as the World is, bleſſed be God, *Vice* cannot yet look *Vertue* out of Countenance. Tho' we live in a degenerate Age, and the Dregs of Time ſeem to be come upon us, yet, even at this low Ebb, the Times are not *ſo bad*, but that a *good*, *honeſt*, *upright*, *ſober*, *temperate* Man has a great deal *better Reputation* than one of a contrary Character. I would have *Young Perſons* conſider then, that *now* is their Time to ſettle their *Credit* and *Reputation* in the World; and certainly, 'tis no ſmall *Advantage* to ſet out with an *unblemiſh'd Character*, and to enter upon your Trades and Buſineſs with a *fair Reputation*, and a *clear Conſcience*.

Again, *More Uſefulneſs*. This is another *Advantage* of *early Piety*. What is the *End* of Life but to do good, to glorify God, and to bleſs a miſerable World? And if ſo, 'tis not to be expected that a *late Penitent*, tho' he double his Diligence, ſhould be able to do God or Man the Service, that another that begins his Work *ſooner* is capable of performing. He that comes into the Vineyard the *laſt Hour* of the Day, tho' he be never ſo induſtrious, cannot ordinarily expect to equal the *Service* and

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Uſefulneſs of thoſe that *begin* the Day. You that are *Young* therefore ought to conſider, that *now* is the *Seaſon* of laying the Foundation, not only of your future *Peace* and *Honour*, but even *Uſefulneſs* it ſelf in this preſent World. If you intend to turn Life to any Account, and to do any Thing to Purpoſe, 'tis *Time* to enter upon *Action*, and put your Hand to the Plough. 'Tis *high Time*, for ſuch as don't count upon a Life of inglorious *Eaſe* and *Sloth*, to *begin* to live.

To what has been now offer'd, I would ſubjoin a few *Advices*.

1. WITHOUT any more delay, *act like Men*, and give up your *youthful Health*, *Strength* and *Vigor* to GOD. Conſider, He beſt *deſerves* it, and will beſt *reward* it. Come, caſt off your diſhonourable *Chains*, and buckle on the *Armour of Light*. Be bold and reſolute. 'Tis a glorious Cauſe; ſpend all your youthful Fire and Ardor in it. *Now* is your Time to *ſignalize* your ſelves, to gain moſt *Laurels* and *Victories*, and to make Proviſion for future *Triumphs*. I know your *Temptations* are great, and ſo are your *Advantages* too, as I have now made appear. O take the *Opportunity* while it offers. You have now Time and Tide with you: Your Minds are free and diſengag'd, your Thoughts lively, your Affections warm, you have Blood and Spirits to ſupply your Zeal, healthy Bodies and vigorous Souls. O ſeize the *happy Moment*, and make it yours. Exert your ſelves now, before Corruption gain upon you, and the Devil have taken a ſettled Poſſeſſion of you; before your natural Strength unbend, and your Lives become *enſlaved* and *habituated* to Sin and Vanity.

2. MAKE *the Thoughts of Death and Judgment familiar to you*. Accuſtom your ſelf to Retire-

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ment and Self-Reflection. Set the important Iſſues of Life before you. Charge your Souls to be ſerious; and if they ſtart back never ſo often, recoil 'em to their Work again. Lay 'em under the ſevereſt Reſtraints: Set Heaven and Hell before 'em: Bid 'em look and ſee how *ſerious* every Thing is about them; and if they will not *bleed*, tell 'em that Death is near and Deſtruction at hand: tell 'em the *Time* approaches and draws nigh, when they will be *too late ſenſible* of, and *touch'd* with the *Importance* of theſe Things. Take Pains with thy Heart, and lament its Hardneſs and Inſenſibility. Shew it how faſt the angry *Deluge* advances, and how ſoon it will cover the Tops of the loftieſt Mountains, and leave no Place of Refuge: *Charge* it to look out, and ſee how many ſhipwreck'd Souls lie drowning in the Wrath of God. Set all the Powers of thy Soul a trembling: Don't ſuffer it to ſleep on the Edge of ſuch an awful Precipice; when it ſlumbers, cry *Eternity*, *Eternity*, and try if this will not awake it. I am perſuaded, that ſuch a Courſe of *ſober Reflection*, would in a little Time, cure a great many of our *Youthful Follies*, and retrench a great many *Abſurdities* in our Life and Carriage. The Thoughts of *Death* and *Judgment* would leave an *Awe* upon the Mind, and help to fix unſteady Youth. There's nothing like the View of the *Grave* and the *Winding-Sheet*, that tends to kill our Pride, to humble our aſpiring Hearts, to compoſe a light frothy Temper, and to give a Conſiſtency to our unfix'd and unſettled Minds and Thoughts.

3. SET *your ſelves vigorouſly to oppoſe all the Temptations of Youth, and Baits of Senſuality.* Guard againſt all the enticing Charms of the *Fleſh*,

Flee, and offer *Violence* to its Solicitations. Disdain the mean and unworthy Gratifications of a brutish, voluptuous Life. Resolve to be *sober* and *temperate*, to be *modest* and *chaste*, to be *devout* and *serious*. You'll have the Comfort of it living and dying. Therefore tear off the glittering Snake from your Breasts, and cast it from you. Guard against its killing Alurements. There's *Poison* in the *fair forbiden* Fruit, therefore *taste* not lest you die.

Among the *Snares* and *Temptations* of Youth, I wou'd especially warn you against that of *Evil Company*: *If Sinners entice you, consent not.* There's *Death* in your Compliance. You had as good deny your *Bibles*, as dispute the Danger of *Evil Company*. *A Companion of Fools shall be destroyed. Blessed is the Man that walketh not in the Counsel of the Ungodly, nor standeth in the Way of Sinners, nor setteth in the Seat of the Scorner.* Prov. i. 10. xiii. 20. Psal. i. 1.

4. Do *nothing Rashly and Unadvisedly*. Don't follow your own *Humours* and *Passion*, rather than the *Counsels* of those that wish you well: *Weigh* Matters, and never act in haste. Be willing to be *advis'd*; and love, honour, and thank your *Advisers*: Believe they wish you well, and long for your Salvation; and thus having a good Opinion of their *Persons*, you'll have the more Respect for their *Admonitions*. *Young People* (as one well observes) *are like weak Barks, which in boisterous Seas carry too much Sail, and too little Balast*; and therefore, let me add, a *kind Pilot* should not be refused.

5. I Wou'd advise you, *to acquaint your selves more with the Word of* God, *and make it more Your Study and Delight.* * *Where withal shall a Young Man cleanse his Ways? By taking heed to thy Word.* See therefore that you reverence these *sacred Writings*. Make this *Word* a *Lamp to your Feet*, and See Mr. Shower's *Advice to Youth*. Psal. cxix. 91.

and a Light to your Paths, and let it be as a *Voice* behind you, saying, *This is the Way, walk in it.* If you wou'd but be perſuaded, to Love and *Practice* this ſacred Study of the *Scriptures*, they wou'd not fail of making you *excellent Perſons.* But on the other Hand, It is a ſure Sign of a *prophane* Spirit, never to *read* or *meditate* in this *Word*, and much more ſo, to *ridicule* and *burleſque* theſe *ſacred Writings.* Our *Eſteem* of God and Religion is beſt meaſur'd by our *Reverence* of God's Word. We can never expect to ſee *Religion* thrive and flouriſh, till we ſee the *Credit* of the *Holy Scriptures* revive among us: 'Till *Moſes* and the *Prophets*, *Jeſus* and the *Apoſtles*, have more *Honour* done 'em then thoſe *Prophane Writers*,* that are not worthy to be nam'd in the ſame Diſcourſe with them.

* *Such as Lucretius, and the modern Plays.*

6. Endeavour *to know, underſtand, and be affected betimes with the Excellencies of* Jesus. Be not aſham'd of *Him* and *His Reproach*, who deſpiſed all *Shame* for you. Count it your *Honour* to be *Young* and *Early* Diſciples of this *crucified* Maſter. See more *Pleaſures*, *Beauties* and *Excellencies* in Jesus, than in all the World's *falſe* Charms, and *fading* Joys and Delight. Did you but know *this Chiefeſt of Ten Thouſands*, you wou'd ſee nothing in *Heaven or Earth to be compared with Him!* no other *Object* in all the World ſo deſerving your *Youthful* Love and Affections. You wou'd be ready to call back all the Streams from the *Creatures*, to devolve 'em in one Channel upon Him your *Creator.*

7. Laſtly. I Wou'd *Adviſe You to Purſue thoſe Glorious Meaſures with Life, Spirit and Conſtancy.* Thus ſays the Excellent Dr. *Lucas*: " It is not " a good Fit, nor a devout Paſſion that will " make us Happy. 'Tis not one briſk Sally, " or one warm Charge that will ſubdue the " World

Enquiry after Happineſs.

" World and the Flesh, and put us in an " entire Possession of Victory and Security. No, " when Warmth and Passion have made a pros- " perous Impression upon the Enemy, a sober " Patience must make good the Ground, a " steddy and resolv'd Courage must urge and " press the Advantage." Ah! How many have " march'd out of *Egypt*, and perish'd in the " Wilderness? How many have wreck'd in " Sight of Shore?" Thus, How many *Young* Persons *among us* are now looking back to *Sodom*, after they had set their *Faces*, and as we thought their Hearts towards *Heaven*. They were *once not far from the Kingdom*; alas! what hindred their *entring* in? We saw 'em trimming their Lamps, girding their Loins, and making glorious Advances towards the good Land; Alas! what has assoil'd their Resolutions, and turn'd them back? How is it that *having begun in the Spirit, they end in the Flesh*? Inglorious Retreat! what Pity methinks, to see *those Hands hang down*, and *those Knees* grow *feeble*, that once were so *active* and *vigorous* in the arduous and blessed Conflict? Take Care you be not of this Number. Having begun the glorious Toil, let not another take the Prize. View again the *immarcessible Crown*, and hold on with unfainting Perseverance.

And thus I have finished what I have to offer by way of *Advice*. And now, what shou'd hinder *Young People* from becoming immediately *Wise* and *Happy*? Take up the *Resolution* before you stir from this Place, and let it be as the Laws of the *Medes* and *Persians* with you, *Unalterable*.

It remains now, only to set this *mournful Instance* before you, which has been the *sad* Occasion of this Evening's *Solemnity*.

Presumption of long Life, and of *sufficient Time* for the Work of Religion *hereafter*, is that which usually defeats all our Persuasions, and Endeavours from the Pulpit. The *Young Man* that has the World before him, thinks it's *Time enough yet*. But *my Friends*, this Objection comes with a very ill Grace to Day, after *such* a Funeral as *this*. With what Face can you offer it, who are just come back from *such* a Grave? 'Tis very strange you can't be perswaded you may die *Young*, though you assist at the Funerals of such, and often let 'em down into Dust with your own Hands. One wou'd imagine, that the *Instance* now before you, shou'd awak'en the most *stupid* and *unconcern'd* Person among you. O what a *Voice* ascends from this Grave? Hard is the Heart that is not affected to Day. Who knows how soon the youngest and strongest among you may sicken and die, and make such another *Solemnity*?

I TAKE this Occasion therefore, to make my *Address* to the *Young Persons* here present, to know what your final Resolutions are on this Occasion. Dare you yet trifle, delay and put off your Seriousness, when one of your intimate Friends and Companions falls by you, and lies dead before you. When *Death* separates *Familiar Friends and Acquaintance*, one wou'd think the *Living* shou'd lay it to Heart: When *Two shall be walking in the Field, and the One be taken, and the Other left*; and when Two shall be a walking in the Streets, and the One be taken and the Other left, one wou'd think the *surviving* Friend shou'd not easily be able to wear off the Impression. This is in a Sense *the present Case*. There are *many* here that were this *Person*'s Intimate Companions, that daily walk'd and convers'd with him; I hope *such* will

Mat. xxiv. 40.

will lay it to Heart. 'Twas a Providence not unlike this, that was the first Occasion of *Luther*'s Conversion.

O Come hither then all his *Acquaintance*, and look into his *Grave* to Day. Come stand around it all his *Friends* and *Companions*, and drop a Tear into this Dust. Come and behold him *once more*, and let this *Last Sight* of him be of all others the most *instructive* and *advantageous*. Let it *turn away your Eyes* and Hearts *beholding Vanity*. Look into this Grave, and be *proud*, if you can: Be *vain*, *forget* God and your *Souls*, and the *eternal World* before you, if you can. Why had not *you* lain here in his Stead, and *he* have been among the mournful Spectators to Day? This was as likely as the other. How came *he* to be first seiz'd, and first made such a sorrowful and affecting Spectacle?

Henceforth, let no Man boast of natural Strength, and Firmness of Constitution. *Let not the mighty Man glory in his Might.* Here was one as healthful, strong and vigorous, as any of you all: There's not one that treads our Streets, who (within little more than a Week) was more likely to have seen *Length of Days*. We beheld him so lately in his *full Strength*, with so much *Chearfulness* and *Vivacity* in his Countenance, and *blooming Vigour* in his Looks, that we can scarce be persuaded he is *dead*. O Vanity of mortal *Strength!* Let none for his sake depend on *it*, as he desired on his *Death-bed* no Man might. Jer. ix. 23.

In the midst of all these promising Advantages for long Life, a *mortal Sickness* seiz'd him. He was *Death struck* at first. The poison'd Arrow stuck deep in him, and drank up his Spirits. All the Powers of Nature sunk at once, but his greatest Wound was within. *Poor Heart!*

Who

Who knows the *Agonies* and *Convulsions of Mind* he underwent Day and Night from the Time of his first Seisure? O what *restless Tossings*, what *pale Reflections* did his *Sins* now occasion? He was *amaz'd* at the Approaches of his *Change*, and told those about him, *what an awful thing it was to look into Eternity*. He bitterly lamented himself. His Sins wounded and peirc'd his Soul, especially *his Sins against Light*, which he mentioned with a particular Concern. Being ask'd if he now sorrow'd for 'em? *Ay* (said he) *from the bottom of my Heart*. Being ask'd if he resolv'd on a Reformation if GOD should raise him? His Answer was, *I have made many Promises*. Under his overwhelming Anguish he cried out, *O if I live, I'll never mock at true Holiness more*; nor wou'd he ever indulge himself (he said) in *some Courses* he had taken. It seem'd now to be his whole Desire to speak and hear of the *best things*, before his Distemper seiz'd his Head, and in a little time ended his Life. And thus in the Hands of a righteous, but yet gracious and merciful GOD in Christ, we leave him.

WHETHER this *Repentance* wou'd have prov'd to have been *sincere*, if he had recover'd, we know not, but *Charity* bids us hope the best.

O THAT all his *intimate Friends* and *Companions* may *hear*, and *fear*, and *tremble*. Go Home and *be* what he so earnestly wish'd to *have been*, and so ardently pray'd now to *become*. You see what an *honourable Testimony* he hath left behind him, to the Praise of *Holiness* and *Piety*. You have herein the *Judgment* and *Opinion* of a *dying* Man, and one of your *own* Acquaintance. Some of you may yet have *Hardiness* enough to make a *Jest* of these things, but you will not long be in an Humour to do so.

AND

And now I beſeech you by his *dying Words*, *dying Prayers*, and *dying Extremities*, go Home, *repent* and be *converted*.

Finally, I beſeech you by *that Grave* you have now ſeen open'd; by *your Souls* which are in the utmoſt Hazards; by the *Approaches* and *Agonies* of your own *Death*; by that *Eternity* into which you are juſt launching forth; by the *Mercies* and *Threatnings* of Almighty God; by the *Paſſion* of your dying Saviour; I *conjure* you by all that's ſacred, that you will by *Holineſs* and *Purity*, by *Temperance* and *Sobriety*, by *Righteouſneſs* and *Juſtice*, by *Faith* and *Patience*, by *Zeal* and *Reſolution* improve a *ſhort* Life, and make ready for a *near* and *certain* Death.

May God ſupport the mournful Relations. 'Tis a ſudden and a ſinking Stroke. The Lord bear you up in His everlaſting Arms. Learn to reſign your Wills to God. Kiſs the Rod. Worſhip God. Silence and Submiſſion becomes depending Creatures; it is our *Intereſt* as well as *Duty* to reſt ſatisfied in the divine Diſpoſals.

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